



For the Lady's Miscellany.

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ABDALLAH AND FATIMA.

AN

ORIENTAL TALE.

(Continued.)

ABDALLAH, who had all this time remained silent, now felt a passion enkindled in his breast by the sight of beauties so divine ; he could not refrain, he took her hand, whilst his throbbing bosom confessed its agitation ; at that moment the ring pressed his finger slightly, he started back for an instant, again he came towards the beautiful stranger, but now a second time the ring performed its monitory duty : he was grieved, and tearing it indignant from his finger, he threw it upon the ground. The crafty Gelippa ran forward, and having picked it up, laughed at Abdallah, staring him insultingly in the face ; immediately she was metamorphosed to her original figure, appearing an old and haggard fiend, her hair, which was lately so beautiful, was thrown from her head in the form of a false wig ; her teeth, which were

lately the similitude of ivory, were now few, and these decayed and black ; wrinkles bespread her whole countenance, and her horrid visage was a true index of her foul capricious mind. Having gazed for some time upon him, she bawled out in a fiend-like voice, 'O Fool, well do you deserve ruin ; now stay until the mighty Fouina shall release you from this place. Know, for I will not attempt to conceal it, I am the genius Gelippa, that genius who opposes Fouina : this ring, this precious ring, I long have sought, but the destinies forbade my receiving it until your imprudence gave it into my hands.' She had no sooner concluded, than she rushed through the door by which she had entered, and it was immediately closed. Abdallah ran towards it, he endeavoured to open it, but it was a vain attempt, for it was bolted by strong and enchanted bars of massy iron ; no mortal art could invent a method of drawing them, and no mortal force could penetrate or break them. In this dilemma, heightened by the reflection that he was in the power of such a being, and stung to the soul by the recollection of his imprudence, he was utterly regardless of what might happen ; in

these circumstances, he was thrown into a reverie of thoughtful consideration. He now reviewed in memory his youthful age, when the opening bud of innocence promised fruits of happiness and peace. He now remembered his beloved Fatima, he recurred to the period at once so happy and so miserable, when he first beheld her peerless beauties, beneath the wide spreading branches of a lofty palm, by the side of his friendly native Kuban; there he first pressed her snow white hand, there first requested with a tender voice, her love; there too, whilst the maiden blush of modesty suffused her countenance, he heard her sigh, and saw her nod assent; from these ideas he was recalled, by the consideration of those evils which caused their separation; he beheld in imagination the haughty, barbarous Tartar, wielding the fire-brand of destruction; he saw the blood of Circassia's children stain his garments, and trickle from his keen edged sabre; cities wrapt in fire, and inhabitants flying distressed and needy; here he lost his Fatima; from this time he knew not what had been her destiny; from her own home she had fled upon the eventful day which separated friends and lovers; no information had he received of her, and perhaps, thought he, she is torn a captive from her friends, her lover, and her country. Whilst in the midst of these reflections, he heard the most melodious music floating soft and sweet upon the air; it

was gay and joyful, his youthful spirits revived, the blood circulated quicker through his veins; he approached a window, whose broad lattice overlooked a neighbouring piazza, where the works of nature and art were so exquisitely blended, that it was difficult to say which pleased most; here a lofty pillar erected its bold and aspiring front, and there the charming woodbine entwined itself around the feet of some colossal statute, and seemed to crave protection; a wide and beautiful space was left unoccupied, and appeared to have been devoted to the pleasures of dancing; all was silent for a few moments; presently, however, the melodious voices of females were heard, the tabor and the flute joined their soothing notes, and every instrument distinguished for musical harmony, was heard distinctly; the sounds still did not seem to approach; the piazza was yet unoccupied, but not many moments had transpired before the brisk sounds seemed to advance upon the gales; nearer and nearer they approached, and soon a charming crowd of damsels entered the place appropriated to mirth and joy; they seemed like the sweet Nymphs of Latona's daughter, who, with their bows and quivers, taught the savage of the forest to fear and tremble. Whilst they pursued the pleasures of the chace, the sportive Naiads were not more enchanting, that gay band of sisters, who always close accompanied Paphias' queen, were here seen once more, or ra-

ther, to challenge all comparison, they appeared a band of native fair Circassians, their delicate forms, their loose flowing hair, their eyes blue languish, and their high arched brows, where love proudly sat enthroned, depicted the beauteous natives of Circassia. Among them Abdallah perceived one who seemed to glory in the supremacy of her charms, he eyed her with rapture, she was a Venus in a crowd of nymphs ; in her he recognised the fair who entered his room, and who proved to be the detestable Gelippa, but now he had forgotten her vices, he thought of nothing but her beauties ; the music continued, and they all with one accord began the dance ; every one exposed her elegance of shape to the utmost perfection, casting lascivious glances around, and catching fire from each other's countenances, until the flame had reached every gay female, had reached even Abdallah. The queen cast her sparkling eyes towards him, and softly smiled ; it was too much, it served but to increase the ardour which glowed within his bosom ; he sighed, he knew not for what reason, and felt unhappy he knew not on what account. Circassia fled his memory, and Fatima was forgotten—he looked towards the dancers with a transport he had rarely felt, their beauty enraptured him, and in his exstasy he was forgetful of himself, and drove reflection from his bosom ; the objects of his delight he followed with aching eyes through the gid-

dy mazes of the cotillion, or down the gentle windings of the simple country dance, the happy sport of jovial swains. Such, thought he, is the dance of the immortal spirits, such are the pleasures they enjoy.

Gelippa saw his emotion, she knew very well the cause of it, and after remaining some time, she considered all things as now ripe for execution ; absenting herself, therefore, from her associates, she repaired to the presence of Abdallah : no sooner did he see her enter the door, than he ran and clasped her hand in his, and falling upon his knees, conjured her to liberate him. The genius, surprised to see his forwardness, and the pliability of his nature, smiled upon him, and raised him from his servile position ; acquiring confidence from such advances, he lifted her hand to his lips, and devoured it with kisses ; she fawned with the simplicity of a true and tender lover upon him, she cast her arms around his neck, and hung enraptured there. She now saw how far the senses of her victim were entranced, and with a languishing air, and down cast eyes, she asked the deluded Abdallah if he loved her. Can you, said the enraptured youth, can you doubt my sincerity ? No, my friend, replied the crafty Gelippa, I doubt it not, otherwise I should not ask if you would do whatever a true and faithful friend should prompt. Yes, said the Circassian, I will do it without any hesitation, for a true and faithful

friend will never propose any thing that is improper. The wily fiend, who very partially attended to the answer, did not perceive the proper caution which was couched in it, but giving loose to her pleasure, she led her supposed victim from the apartment, and conducted him to the piazza, where the music yet played its enlivening strains, and the same brilliancy of charms were displayed, as when Abdallah first saw it from his window ; all were now attentive to him, and each one strived to excel her companion, in shewing him respect ; he was entranced with the splendid ideas of beauty, which such objects generated in his bosom. After some time spent in this retreat of the most luxurious pleasure, and after he had drowned in a bowl of sherbet, whatever griefs might have corroded his breast, Abdallah accompanied Gelippa through a superb suit of apartments ; every moment he saw a new occasion to admire the sumptuous magnificence which surrounded him ; the stuccoed marble lifting itself here and there in lofty columns, the brilliancy of which rivalled the splendid glories of Golconda's diamond, the marble which composed the pavement was marked in different directions across its surface, by veins of various hues ; vast mirrors were hung in the spacious saloons, and pearls of immense value glistened every where in the grand apartments. Such a blaze of pomp and magnificence had never before been witnessed by Ab-

dallah—he was astonished ; he could not conceive its possibility, and thought it all the effect of some idle dream ; this, however, was the palace of Pleasure's Genius, nor could all its radiance secrete the misery which reigned within it. As they proceeded, a room, the singular appearance of which peculiarly attracted his attention, was an object well calculated to prove the unguarded youth ; over the door was inscribed, in large characters, " THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY." Immediately as the Circassian saw this, he was inflamed with a desire to explore it, but knowing from dreadful experience the impropriety of giving way to the passion of Curiosity, he now for the first hesitated, and suffered reason to assume its sway. The cruel genius, seeing him pause, immediately began her artful praises of the wonders contained in the apartments, for well she knew that here must be decided the fate of Abdallah by the means of his prudence or imprudence, for that reason she slightly warned him from entering it : this served but to increase his curiosity, and with little solicitation Gelippa applied the key, immediately the resounding bolts flew back, and the door was opened, when a sight that distressed the soul of Abdallah was exhibited to view ; he there discovered his own Fatima extended at full length, with one bleeding stump, from which the alabaster hand had been but lately severed, a potent sleep had bound the

senses in oblivion ; her once kind, and still fond lover started as he looked upon her well known countenance, a death-like paleness sat upon her cheeks, and the rosy beauty of her lips had fled ; he was shocked at the contrast between what now she was, and what she once had been ; he scarce believed his senses, and thought it all a vain delusion : trembling, he advanced towards her, and felt her pallid forehead, his fears are realized, it is she ! it is his own Fatima !—he now recollected the forbidden hand, he looked towards the door for Gelippa, but she was gone, the door was closed, and secured by a huge and powerful lock. Abdallah now considered all hopes of retreat as entirely cut off, he must spend this day, and perhaps many more, in the nauseous prison which now confined him ; but this was not all, his fair Fatima was likewise here enclosed, and apparently dead. All was dark, except what little light was emitted by the partial rays of a small and antique lamp which was in the further part of the room ; he advanced towards it, determined to explore the hidden recesses of the wonderful apartment, then taking the lamp from its station upon a low marble table, he lifted it upwards, the dank walls in the crevices of which, long grass and rank weeds shot forth, peculiarly attracted his attention ; it was the very similitude of ruin and desolation, it was a picture of the ravages of time. Abdallah drew his sword, and went forward to in-

vestigate the secrets of this miraculous place ; his situation was such as might have employed the pencil of the painter—the fair one stretched out apparently lifeless, her lover grieved to his soul at what he beheld, the stamp of terror upon his countenance, the awful majesty of all around him were fine subjects, although replete with horror. As Abdallah went forward, he was astonished at the appearance of a gigantic stature, which held in its hand a huge iron mace, upon its forehead was written, “He who would ruin another, by violating trust, and indulging curiosity, is unworthy of esteem : but should a person, otherwise virtuous, behave in so improper a manner, he would desire to repair his error. Whoever thou art, take this mace, it is the instrument of repentance, the weapon of prudence, and with it perform a hazardous enterprize.” No sooner had he read this, than he replaced his sword, and laid hold of the mace, determined to undertake the bold adventure ; he had, however, scarcely laid his hand upon it, than a dreadful groan was heard, the mace fell to the ground, the room shook, and an angelic damsel stood before him.

(To be Concluded next week.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ESSAY ON ELOQUENCE.

THE advantages of an improved elocution are pre-eminently great.

and extensive. They are not merely confined to a professional character, but in every situation of life the orator possesses an influence and ascendancy over others. Nor are they circumscribed by polished society. They are experienced in the deserts and the wilds ; for we find the savage and unlettered chieftain haranguing his tribe on the subjects of policy and war. The universality of the powers of oratory, evinces that they have their foundation in nature, and is amply sufficient to efface the impressions of prejudice, which have been indulged against it. Oratory has been in some considered a mere trick, consisting in the artificial disposition of words, and studied gesture ; the effect of culture and polished association.

Sound and solid reasoning, we are told, stands in no need of embellishment. It has been said that the object of the orator is to misguide and deceive ; to cover defects, conceal faults, and palliate the atrocity of crimes. To subserve the purposes of crafty politicians, and by deceptive argument, and the enchanting beauty of language, to entangle the vulgar.

Eloquence, like every other good gift, has been made the means of much mischief and injury. But it is certainly unjust from this to infer that it is the *native* engine of error and deception. Considered in its *nature*, in what does it offend ? It is the art of persuasion.

Is there any thing radically evil in this ? Though in the hands of perverse and vitiated men it has spread an unfriendly influence through society, yet in those of the enlightened, virtuous, and benevolent, it has produced great and astonishing benefits. Why not argue against public exhibitions, because they have been made scenes of licentiousness. Against comedy, from the impure and vicious writings of Congreve ; against philosophy itself, since it has given rise to the visions of speculative genius, and the delusions of false theory.

That nothing further is required to withdraw men from error and vicious practices, than sound reasoning, has been often asserted. But experience proves the futility of this assertion. The most sober reasonings of wise men have been found insufficient to remould the corrupt mind. A sense of this insufficiency has led some to employ the poignancy of wit, to ridicule men out of foolish habits. But this is a dangerous engine. It often excites opposition, obstinacy, and perverseness. Some other faculty than the understanding, must be wrought on. The heart must be affected. And this is pre-eminently the province of eloquence. When it is employed in censuring vice, it penetrates with resistless vigour the dark recesses of the heart, strikes like lightning the dissolute and abandoned, and distracts with the horrors of conscious guilt. By exposing the

meanness of sordid passions, the lowness of sensual gratifications, and presenting their native unworthiness and criminality; it is a means the most likely of all others, to lead men from whatever is disengenuous or censurable, to what is noble and worthy of admiration.

(To be concluded next week.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
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STRIKING FRIENDSHIP OF TWO
NEGROES.

A PLANTER of Virginia, who was owner of a considerable number of slaves, instead of regarding them as human creatures, and of the same species with himself, used them with the utmost cruelty, whipping and torturing them for the slightest offences. One of these, thinking any change preferable to slavery, under such a barbarian, attempted to make his escape among the mountain Indians, but, unfortunately, was taken and brought back to his master. Poor Arthur (so he was called) was immediately ordered to receive three hundred lashes, stark naked, which were to be given him by his fellow slaves, among whom happened to be a new negro, purchased by the planter the day before. This slave the moment he saw the unhappy

wretch destined to the lashes, flew to his arms, and embraced him with the greatest tenderness: the other returned his transports, and nothing could be more moving than their mutual bemoaning each other's misfortunes. Their master was soon given to understand that they were countrymen, and intimate friends, and that Arthur had formerly, in a battle with a neighbouring nation, saved his friend's life, at the extreme hazard of his own. The new negro, at the same time, threw himself at the planter's feet, with tears beseeching him, in the most moving manner, to spare his friend, or at least to suffer him to undergo the punishment in his stead, protesting he would sooner die ten thousand deaths, than lift his hand against him. But the wretch looking upon this as an affront to the absolute power he pretended over him, ordered Arthur to be immediately tied to a tree, and his friend to give him the lashes; telling him too, that for every lash not well laid on, he should himself receive a score. This new negro, amazed at a barbarity so unbecoming a human creature, with a generous disdain refused to obey him, at the same time upbraiding him with his cruelty; upon which, the planter turning all his rage on him, ordered him to be immediately stripped, and commanded Arthur, (to whom he promised forgiveness) to give his countryman the lashes he himself had been destined to receive. This proposal too was received with scorn, each

protesting he would rather suffer the most dreadful torture than injure his friend. This generous conflict, which must have raised the strongest feelings in a breast susceptible of pity, did but the more enflame the monster, who now determined they should both be made examples of, and to satiate his revenge, was resolved to whip them himself. He was just preparing to begin with Arthur, when the new negro drew a knife from his pocket, stabbed the planter to the heart, and at the same time struck it to his own, rejoicing with his last breath, that he had revenged his friend, and rid the world of such a monster.

CRUELTY.

I remember once seeing a practical lesson of humanity given to a little chimney-sweeper, which had, I dare say, a better effect than a volume of ethics. The young soot-merchant was seated upon an ale-house bench, and had in one hand his brush, and in the other a hot buttered roll. While exercising his white masticators, with a perseverance that evinced the highest gratification, he observed a dog lying on the ground near him. The repetition of "poor fellow, poor fellow," in a good natured tone, brought the quadruped from his resting place: he wagged his tail, looked up with an eye of humble entreaty, and in that universal language, which all nations understand, asked for a morsel of bread. The

sooty tyrant held his remnant of roll towards him, but, on the dog gently offering to take it, struck him with his brush so violent a blow across the nose, as nearly broke the bone.

A gentleman, who had been, unperceived, a witness to the whole transaction, put a sixpence between his finger and thumb, and beckoned the little monarch of May-day to an opposite door. The lad grinned at the silver, but on stretching out his hand to receive it, the teacher of humanity gave him such a rap upon the knuckles with a cane, as made them ring. His hand tingling with pain, and tears running down his cheeks, he asked what that was for. "To make you feel," was the reply. "How do you like a blow and a disappointment? The dog endured both! Had you given him a piece of bread this sixpence should have been the reward; you gave him a blow; I will therefore put the money in my pocket."

DOCTOR BEATTIE AND HIS SON.

THE following interesting anecdote is related by Dr. Beattie, speaking of his son:—He says: he had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned from my own

experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in mould, with my finger, the initial letters of his name, and sowing the garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground.

Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I, carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is, but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance; and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance, for that something must have contrived it so as to produce it.

I pretend not to give his words, nor my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us, in such language as we both understood. So you think, said I, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by chance? Yes, said he with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs. Are they not regular in

their appearance, and useful to you? He said they were. Came they then hither, said I, by chance. No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And what is that something? I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rosseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say: that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the GREAT BEING who made him and all the world: concerning whose adorable name I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either that or the circumstance that introduced it.

In the town where Addison was born, is the following tradition of a curious excursion made by him when a boy:—Being at a country school, he committed some slight fault: when his fear of being corrected for it was so great, that he ran away from his father's house, and fled into the fields, where he lived upon fruits, and took up his lodging in a hollow tree, till, upon the publication of a reward to whoever should find him, he was discovered, and restored to his parents.

In the reign of Edward I. 1272, the wages of a labouring man was three half pence a day ; in 1274, the price of a bible, fairly written, with a commentary, was *thirty pounds* ! that precious volume, which may now be obtained for one day's pay, would then have cost more than 13 years labour to procure. In the year 1240, the building of two arches of London Bridge cost 25*l.* less than the value of a bible !

Dr. Watts, being one day in a Coffee-House, observed two gentlemen looking steadfastly at him ; at length he heard one of them say, pointing to him, "That is Dr. Watts !" The other, after a short pause, replied, "Then he is a very *little fellow* !" On which the Doctor immediately turned round, and delivered the following answer :

Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man !

The following tale, by Goldsmith, is a beautiful imitation of the oriental style, and conveys to the distempered disciples of Epicurus a cutting reproof on their inordinate indulgence of the appetites.—Lit. Tab.

KABUL, says the Zendavesta, was born on the rushy banks of the river Mawra : his possessions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune : he hated the harmless brahmins, and despised their holy religion ; every day his table was dec-

ked out with the flesh of an hundred different animals, and his cooks had an hundred ways of dressing it to solicit even satiety.

Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age ; he died of a surfeit caused by intemperance : upon this his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, who were now appointed to be his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which, he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant ; he sought for pity, but none were disposed to grant it. Does he not remember, cries the angry boar, to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity : I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he would do penance in the shape of a hog, which in life he most resembled.

I am rather, cries a sheep upon the bench, for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb ; we may then send him through four or five transmigrations in a month. Were my voice of any weight in the assembly, cries a calf, he should rather assume such a form as mine ; I was bled every day, in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy. Would it not be wiser,

eries a hen, to cram him in the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served? The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion. I am informed, says this counsellor, that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepid, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and to all about him. What say you then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity? The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth; and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease.

Woman, Dr.

Oh the woes that women bring!
 Source of sorrow, grief, and pain!
 All our evils have their spring
 In the first of female train:

Eve, by eating, led poor Adam
 Out of Eden and astray;
 Look for sorrow still, where madam
 Pert and proud directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure;
 Soothing a coquetish train;
 Wedded—what, the mighty treasure?
 Doom'd to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack, and constant bawling,
 Discord and domestic strife;
 Empty cup-board, children bawling,
 Follow woman made a wife!

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage;
 Love's fond dalliance fled and gone;
 These the bitter fruits of marriage!
 He that's wise should live alone!

Contra, Cr.

O the joys from women spring!
 Source of bliss and purest peace!
 Eden could not comfort bring,
 Till fair woman shew'd her face.

When she came, good honest Adam
 Grasp'd the gift with open arms;
 He left Eden for his madam,
 So our parent priz'd her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure!
 Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek!
 Happy prelude to a treasure,
 Kings have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks, and constant courting,
 Sweet'ning all the toils of life:
 Cheerful children's harmless sporting,
 Follow woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
 Love triumphant on his throne;
 These the blissful fruits of marriage!
 None but fools would live alone.

A WOMAN being brought before a Justice to be examined, and appearing to have an uncommon share of confidence, for the female sex, the Justice observed, "Madam, there is *brass* enough in your

face to make a *five pail kettle*." "Yes," answered she, "and there is *sap* enough in your head to *fill* it."

The following anecdote of the humanity of Henry IV. of France, is peculiarly agreeable, because it is related by Goldsmith.

HUMANITY is melted into tears of tender admiration, by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious subjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In chastising his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generously connived at the methods practised to supply them with provisions. Chancing one day to meet two peasants who had been detected in these practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the sight of heaven, they had no other way to procure subsistence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the spot, and giving them all the money that was in his purse, "Henry of Bearne is poor," said he, "had he more money to afford, you should have it. Go home to your family in peace: and remember your duty to God, and your allegiance to your sovereign."

REVENGE.

AN Italian having his enemy in his power, told him there was no possible way for him to save his

life, unless he would immediately renounce his saviour." The timorous wretch, in hope of mercy, did it; when the other forthwith stabbed him to the heart, saying, that now he had a full and noble revenge, for he had killed him at once, both body and soul.

ANECDOTES.

There is, perhaps, no country in which the passion for collecting rarities is so prevalent as in England. The wealth of the kingdom, the rapidity with which intelligence is circulated, and the facility with which things are conveyed from one end of the island to the other, are instrumental causes; but the main cause is the oddity of the people themselves. There is a popular notion, which has originated heaven knows how, that a Queen Anne's farthing (the smallest coin they have,) is worth 5000*l*. and some little while ago, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers, offering one for sale at that price. This at once excited the hopes of every body who possessed one of those coins, for there are really so many in existence, that the fictitious value is little or nothing. Other farthings were speedily announced to be sold by private contract—go where you would, this was the topic of conversation. The strange part of the story is to come. A man was brought before the magistrates, charged by a soldier with having assaulted him on the highway, and

robbed him of eight pounds, some silver, and a Queen Anne's farthing. The man protested his innocence, and brought sufficient proof of it. Upon further investigation, it was discovered that some pettifogging lawyer, as ignorant as he was villainous, had suborned the soldier to bring this false accusation against an innocent man, in the hopes of hanging him, and so getting possession of the farthing. Unbelievable as you may think this, I have the most positive testimony of its truth.

SOME time since, a clergyman, in Fahnouth, England, was applied to, to bury a certain person from the adjoining country. "Why, John," said he to the sexton, "we buried this man a dozen years ago," and in fact it appeared on referring to the books of the church, that his funeral had been registered ten years back. He had been bed-ridden, and in a state of dotage during all that time; and his heirs had made a mock burial, to avoid certain legal forms and expences which would else have been necessary to enable them to receive and dispose of his rents. I was also told another anecdote of an inhabitant of that town, not unworthy of a stoic;—His house was on fire; it contained his whole property; and when he found it was in vain to attempt saving any thing, he went upon the nearest hill, and made a drawing of the conflagration—an admirable instance of English phlegm!

WIT AND VIVACITY.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without them: but that wit which displays itself in discovering the deformities of our fellow creatures, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill-nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring; from which we turn away to fix our eyes on the performance of some artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in portraying a poor woman at a cottage door, or an infant sleeping on a bank of flowers.

CHARACTER OF A FINE WOMAN.

As it is agreed by most men, that a fine woman is the loveliest object in creation, no wonder then that every female endeavours to appear in this character, and that her chief study is to supply the defects of nature, by art, dress, or ornament. But, as ladies have run into some very egregious mistakes in order to gain this appellation, I shall, after having studied the sex, and been a constant votary to them many years, point out a few of their capital errors.

1st. No female can be a fine woman, who uses either carmine or pearl powder.

2. No female can be a fine woman, who uses perfumes of any

kind, as these must be meant to predominate over some personal disagreeable odour.

3. No female can be a fine woman, whose head is as big as a bushel, or whose cap is discomposed by the top of a coach.

4. No female can be a fine woman, who wears artificial teeth, artificial shapes, or artificial hair.

5. No female can be a fine woman, who plays the coquette, or the prude.

6. No female can be a fine woman, who, through affected delicacy, *pretends* to despise that brutal part of the creation—Man.

7. No female can be a fine woman, who rattles at church, or disturbs an audience.

8. No female can be a fine woman, who laughs at nothing, merely to show her teeth.

There was a lady of the west country, who gave a great entertainment at her house, to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabout, and among others, Sir Walter Raleigh. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes, she called to one of her maids, that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was close to the lady's. A little before dinner the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which

was full of gentlemen, and as soon as Sir Walter cast his eyes upon her, "madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "you know best whether you have had *your breakfast*."

SUSPICION.

THE suspicious person is the most restless being that has ever been created; for every thing he sees and hears puts him in a continual fear. If any one in the street walks too near him, he immediately imagines he has some evil design upon him. If he sees two or more persons discoursing in a different language from his own, he directly suspects that they are about to practise some imposition upon him. In a word, every thing becomes the cause of jealousy and apprehension. If a man cannot place confidence in any one, what pleasure or happiness can he expect to find in this world—Where can he go to rest? In walking, he turns incessantly about to see who is near him; like the Emperor Domitian, he would ever wish to be in galleries of transparent walls, to observe who is at his sides, or behind him. To whom shall he communicate his anxious cares? He shuns every body—his own children dare not approach him. He will at length grow as suspicious as Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, and not trust himself in the hands of a barber to be shaved.

Lit. Mis.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

WISHES.

I wish I were some gentle gale,
Which fans with sweet perfume the air,
That from thy lips I might inhale
Each balmy sweet that lingers there.

I wish I were the new-blown flower.
That decks my charming fair one's
breast ;
For though it live but one short hour,
Who would not die to be so blest ?

I wish I were that plaintive bird,
Whose songs afford her such delight ;
That while his thrilling note is heard,
She thinks not of approaching night.

I wish I were yon balmy rose,
In vernal pride, and radiance drest ;
That, cull'd by thee, my lively glows
Might grace awhile, my fair, thy breast.

LEANDER.

Cupid's prison, Goshen, July 4, 1808.

CHANCERY OF APPOLLO.

Aratus,
Ed. Lady's Miscellany. }

Forasmuch as it appears that a certain gentleman editor has, in the ninth number volume seven of his paper, unintentionally exposed a certain Aratus to ridicule either through a mistake of his (said editor's) or his printers, and, because the piece in the manner it was published conveyed no sense, or in the strict letter of the law, nonsense—viz. An Ode on Spring, to Sextius, translated from Horace, wherein he has substituted *names for manes*, and in another translation of the same author, viz. An Ode to Chloe, he has printed *leaf* for *wind*, putting "At every leaf that bends the trees" for "At every wind, &c—

thereby making indefinite the meaning of the line, and forasmuch as the editor may not have been in fault but his printer in too great a hurry neglected accuracy and further, whereas Aratus himself may have made the mistake in transcribing, it is hereby deemed most proper that the ERRATA be mentioned in the next number, that greater care be enjoined on all parties for the future, and that no further charges be incurred.

Verdict brought in by the jury,

"Errata Corrected"

And then the court adjourned.

June 30th 1808.

Gulielmus' essay came too late for this number of the Miscellany.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. William Gamble, to Mrs. Catharine Welsh, daughter of the late Mr. John Montagney, all of this city.

On Tuesday, the 30th ult. by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Cooper, son of Judge Cooper, of Coopers-town, to Miss Clason, daughter of Isaac Clason, Esq.

At Stratford, Conn. Mr. George R. Dowdal, of this city, to Miss Eliza H. Nicoll, second daughter of Col. Nicoll, of that place.

At Philadelphia, Mr. William Carridson, of Southwork, to Mrs Hannan Bodenstein, relict of the late Mr. Andrew Bodenstein, after a tedious widowhood of three weeks !

DIED,

At Baltimore, Mrs. Ann Warren, of the Theatre.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Webb, a minister of the gospel

